The Loyalty of the Foreign Born

An interpretation

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Introduction by JAMES HARVEY ROBINSON

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THE Great War has come as a challenge to many of our old ways of thinking, and has forced upon us a painful revision of long-accepted standards and ideals. Among the revered terms of the past even "patriotism" is being subjected to a closer scrutiny than ever before, for the simple reason that it bears such bitter as well as sweet fruit. In the November issue of this magazine, under the title "What is National Spirit?" I attempted to show how modern patriotism has developed from a deep and strong savage instinct that has always led the members of the tribe to rush to its defense. It is precisely this instinctive character that makes it hard to discuss patriotism fairly and patiently. One who begins to ask questions about it seems to many high-minded people to be impeaching the duty of loving one's native land and of dying for it if necessary. He is accused of being a selfish coward, perhaps an enemy and alien at heart. The patriot is highly sensitive and impatient when once his old instinct is inflamed by opposition or even by the most reasonable hesitation. And this touchiness, this proneness to suspect disloyalty and treason, is exactly what makes patriotism, despite all its noble traits, dangerous, as the world is now arranged. For the ancient tribal spirit is not simply affection for one's own group, pride and confidence in its natural superiority and past achievements; it is contempt, suspicion, jealousy, and misunderstanding of other groups, and easily lapses into hate and war and unspeakable atrocities and carnage. Some of us are so impressed with this fact that we are becoming downright afraid of patriotism; it seems like a devouring fire, which, instead of yielding a genial national warmth, is devastating the world.

Our country has not been able to hold aloof from the general European conflict for the simple reason that the Atlantic Ocean is no longer a barrier, but has now become a vast highway of human intercommunication and interchange; just as the ancient bulwarks which once protected medieval cities have been turned into spacious boulevards upon which men go to and fro. So we must have a new patriotism to suit these new conditions before there is any hope of permanent peace. The old patriotism has always found too many good ready excuses for underrating, misunderstanding, and hating other races and peoples. The world is so small and intimate now that our whole attention should be focused upon the encouragement of emotions befitting this novel situation, and perhaps it is just our own beloved country that offers some hint of better things.

In a way all of us, except the red Indian, are foreigners, with reminiscences of a mother-country other than that in which it is our good fortune to live. We ourselves may have been born in Europe, or our parents or grandparents may have handed down to us their love for a native land other than this. If we are of English or Dutch extraction, we may be separated by nine or ten generations from our ancestors who lived in Europe; but this does not necessarily break the tie with peoples beyond the Atlantic whose blood flows in our veins. I, certainly, feel myself an Englishman by eight or nine removes, and the Brownists of the time of King James I are nearer to

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me than Huguenots or Moravians. We are all hyphenated, except the poor black man, who is scarcely ever suspected of a double allegiance. I find myself warmly resenting the assumption of certain new-comers that we who are sprung from English stock are not quite as much entitled to look indulgently upon England's conduct as Mr. George Sylvester Viereck and Senator O'Gorman upon that of the Germans or Irish. There is no more convincing instance of the ugliness of bat-eyed patriotism than the supposition that only British gold or "Wall Street" can account for the existence of English sympathizers in a country settled by Englishmen.

In view of the existence of this double patriotism in the United States, primary and secondary, which makes our situation a very delicate and complicated one, it behooves us above all other nations to examine critically the older notions of national loyalty and see what may be done to encourage a sentiment less threatening to peaceful relations among governments and people. We must frankly recognize that patriotism is a heritage from our savage past, despite noble elements of devotion and self-sacrifice which it brings out. We should make a careful distinction between public spirit and all forms of chauvinism, between an honest and intelligent dedication to the country's welfare and the primitive and wholly unworthy and fatal temptation to treat other countries with suspicion and arrogance. We make this distinction in private affairs, why not in national?

I can scarcely imagine anything that could more strongly reinforce these considerations than the following article by a Rumanian immigrant who tries to rise above the contradictions of a double loyalty. He not only has had more vivid experiences than those of us who have American ancestors, but he has a philosophic mind, a seeing eye, a simplicity and strength of style which all of us might well envy. He speaks for tens of thousands of inarticulate new-comers who have had his hopes and suffered his disappointments. His wisdom comes from his disappointments, and he is able to see further and deeper than those of us who may have been here longer, but who are less wise and penetrating than he when we permit ourselves to talk the outworn jargon of the old, thoughtless, instinctive patriotism which has been fully exposed by the horrors of the last three years.

MY estimable neighbor the native, somewhat sobered out of his usual complacency, begs me to answer him an earnest question. *His* country, as he is pleased to put it, is faced with a serious crisis, and he fain would know where I stand. Frankly, he is quite bewildered about me. Just what am I? America has welcomed and adopted me and made me as one of her own, until I have become a factor in her councils. It is no good blinking the fact, he must reckon with me. In any country other than his I would be counted as a foreigner, and there the matter would end. But here, thanks to the liberality of America's policy with immigrants, I am a complex phenomenon, a technical hybrid, at once an alien and a citizen. Well, now, in my own eyes what is my status? How do I feel toward America? Certainly, as a point of pure decency, I must at the very least be sensible of a debt of gratitude to her. I was oppressed and hunted, and she has given me asylum and the protection of a great state. I was poor and ignorant, and she has opened the door of opportunity to me. Am I properly appreciative of all these bounties? And what of my attitude toward the land of my birth and my childhood?

"You see," he goes on with unwonted gravity, "what gives me pause is not the mere prospect of war with a European power or group of powers. That is only the direct occasion of my perplexity. The problem strikes deeper than passing international disagreements. It concerns the very roots of our national life. There was a time, less than three short years ago, when we thought of ourselves as a nation. Our historians wrote books and

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entitled them 'The American Nation'; our statesmen and our press never tired of insisting on the point. Then we had all the earmarks of national unity. We had a flag and a civil government, territorial boundaries and a language. We even had a kind of army. And while we were not homogeneous in blood, we made up for it by our common allegiance to the Constitution and the splendid tradition that it represents, with the consequence that we were tolerably united in spirit. At least we thought we were until certain reverberations from the great clash abroad set us doubting, and for cause. We have discovered with a painful shock that the immigrant whom we have befriended and with whom we have unstintingly shared our unique privileges has remained an alien at heart. Unmindful of his oath to the land of his adoption, he has not ceased to love the country where he was born—the country, mind you, that has driven him into exile and thrust him upon the benevolence of strangers. Now, candidly, how *do* you stand toward America? Do you love her? In a crisis like the present are you with her or against her, or are you calmly indifferent to her fine aspirations? America is bent on unifying her national soul. Is your being already merged with hers, is it going to be, or are you forever to remain that conglomerate thing, an alien citizen, a floating, unattached, unassimilable element festering in her corporate body?"

How do I feel toward America? There, crisis or no crisis, war or no war, is the heart of the whole irritating question. What, more precisely, does America mean to me, to the immigrant generally, with his manifold attachments, his double culture, his composite point of view as an outsider and an insider at one and the same time? I am glad the question has at last been raised. For a whole century you have been seeking and listening attentively to the conflicting opinions of foreign travelers and critics on your institutions and character. But there was a foreigner right here who had come to America not as a sight-seer, but as a settler, not as a guest, but as an invader, not to look you over, but to make you over. Did you ever stop to ask him what his views of you were? Did you, indeed, think that he had any? Because the immigrant was inarticulate you concluded, I fear, that he was insensible. He was dumb, and you thought him blind and deaf as well. Yet all the time, while you were ignoring him or making good-humored jokes about him or pitying him a little, he went his way, very much on the alert, registering impressions, making mental notes, and laboriously piecing out a picture of America which, as I shall endeavor to show you, is fundamentally at variance with your own, if not hopelessly antagonistic to it.

How this picture of America originated in my mind—for I am one of your alien Americans—and what it is like, it will be hard for you to grasp until you have first understood the causes that impelled me to forsake my ancient home and to accept voluntary exile in yours. No one, I assure you, embarks upon the adventure in a light-hearted mood. In one sense it is precisely as my native friend puts it—I was *driven* into exile. Not from without, pray understand, but from within. My own rebellious spirit was the spur. I revolted against the Old World—against its folly, its insolence, its degradation. From birth onward I had been made a victim of every species of discrimination, of poverty, of oppression. I suffered unendurably from the soldier, the gendarme, the tax-gatherer; from ignorance, from bigotry, from snobbishness. As long as I was a child I submitted to it all unquestioningly as to the order of nature. I took hunger as a punishment from Heaven, and religious persecution as a divine testing of my faith. When I asked why my family was deprived of its bread-winner for months at a time, and why he was compelled to drill in manœuvers, and why a strange man with a badge came to our house to ask for money, and took away our table-silver and our pillows when it was not forthcoming, my mother told me with tears in her eyes that it was the law,

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and I asked no more. But as I grew to manhood I began to see these things differently. I began to see that class distinctions were stupid, that oppression was an impertinence, that poverty was an affront to the dignity of human beings. And I came to despise the Old World, with its mischievous egotism called nationality, its narrowness, its distrusts, its prejudices, its wilful blindness to the clear destiny of the race, and its obdurate opposition to the aspirations of the mass of mankind. I wanted violently to lay hands on the whole outworn pile and set it tumbling. But as I could not do that, I emigrated to the New World.

I emigrated, but I left my heart behind. The farther I traveled from my own country, the dearer it became to me. I had broken with the tradition of my people, but I could not dissolve the bonds that held me to them. They had become stronger, and I found myself loving my country as I had never loved it before. How could I help it? Love is not a reasoning thing. I had been born there. I had spent my childhood on its hillsides and by the banks of its rivers. The sharers of my boyhood exploits even now tilled its ancient soil. My ancestors lay buried there. A vast storehouse of memories and associations clutched me to them. I had rebelled not against my country or my people, but against their misfortunes. That they still endured the sorrows I had escaped only increased my affection for them. That I had freed my soul from the enslaving creed of my father and mother and had embraced a new faith in no way impaired the love I bore them.

For that, of course, is precisely what America meant to me even before I landed on her shores—a new faith. I did not come here in quest of a new nationality. I had run away from the very idea of nationality, at the cost of endless, bitter sacrifice. America to me was not a nation, and if she ever becomes one, I shall revolt against her as I once revolted against the land of my birth. She was not even a country. She was an ideal. It seemed to me that humanity had started out wrongly in the Old World, had erred and blundered and floundered to its own destruction; and then a handful of choice spirits had risen in arms against the decayed tradition of Europe, determined that humanity should have a new start. Ever since that time the dreamers and the rebels and the heroes of all nations had beaten a fan-like convergence of paths to her gates. She had become the model of revolution and the Mecca of revolutionists, from France to China, and from Kosciuszko and the forty-eighters to the modern Russian *bundist*. America was not merely the New World; she was the new life. What was taking place here was not the establishment of a new nationality, but the very antithesis of all nationality. The American people were an international society of lovers of liberty. They were the hope of mankind. They were, in truth, the chosen people, the elect of all the nations of the earth.

This startling departure in the affairs of the world had given expression of itself in several notable instances. There could be no mistaking the genuineness of America's mission. The hunted, starving Irish had been welcomed and fed and their battered souls nursed here. The Jew, for centuries misunderstood and mocked and suppressed, and heaped with every indignity, the stepchild of the nations, the target of the bigot, the safety-valve of the tyrant and the reactionary—the Jew likewise had been fraternally received into this all-embracing society, and allowed, for the first time in the history of his long, heroic exile, to live in peace and usefulness. America had engaged in two wars, one for the liberation of the negro from her own backsliding States, the other to free the Cuban from the yoke of the Spaniard. She had even gone the length of meddling with the private affairs of foreign lands by abrogating the treaty with Russia and by sending a now famous note to Rumania, much to the amusement of the astute diplomats of Europe and the shrugging of their discreet shoulders. America seemed resolved to become the quixotic champion of the under dog, a knight-errant among the

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nations. To become one of such a society, I felt, no price was too high.

To one arriving in America the first breath of her air was like a confirmation of faith. The reality, indeed, seemed like a wild exaggeration of all my dreams. Beside this, what a poor, dwarfed thing it was that fancy had pictured! The atmosphere of America was charged with revolution. Here one heard as much of liberty and democracy and the inalienable rights of the people as of *Kultur* in Germany or of the empire in England. For the Old World, with its kings and its nobles, its armies and its wars, its prejudices and its intolerance, there was that contemptuous irreverence that the enthusiast of a new, burning faith has for the unconverted. I was in the midst of a world of kindred spirits. I went to an Independence-day meeting, and was amazed at the fiery utterances made there by apparently respectable people in high hats and frock-coats; I listened with a heaving of the heart to the enumeration of my limitless privileges as a sovereign of the republic; and my teeth chattered at the thought that any moment the policeman who was hovering in the background might seize the inflammatory orator by the collar and clap him into jail. But I glanced around, and saw that the policeman was yawning, seemingly bored to extinction. The heresies of Europe had become the commonplaces of America.

There was no government in America that anybody could see, none, at any rate, of the obtrusive, interfering, inquisitory kind that had been the bane of my life at home. What there was of it occupied itself in distributing cigars and mailing garden-seeds and bulletins, a government of helpful servants altogether in harmony with my theories as to what a government should be. That was perhaps the most striking evidence of the radical departure the New World had taken from the ways of Europe. America seemed dedicated to the task of proving to mankind by her own actual practice that a people may manage its common affairs without force or panic and with only a minimum of the creaking machinery that elsewhere was thought indispensable. To be sure, there was a White House in Washington, with a good deal of the paraphernalia and the gold lace of officialism, and there were American representatives abroad dabbling in diplomacy, and a shadow of an army was lounging in out-of-the-way barracks; but all this was no more than a decent concession to the usages of mankind, the youthful, inspired giant deferring to the weaknesses of senility, as a philosopher might submit to the cramping absurdity of a dress-suit when addressing a gathering of fashionable old ladies. The spirit of American institutions was new and different.

My disillusionment came in due time. Daily contact with actual things is bound to reveal their failings, and in the end reality must inevitably fall short of the ideal conceived in the mind. I soon learned that those glorifications of democracy, those tributes to the sovereignty of the masses, those eternal reminders of our imperishable liberties, which to me had meant much, were, surely enough, commonplaces. The slogans of the idealist and the revolutionist had become the banalities of the conventional, the claptrap of the political demagogue, the stock in trade of the vote-catcher. Popular government in America had, I discovered, ample, sinister motives for being invisible. Public affairs in the most democratic country in the world were as chaotic as in the most autocratic; but whereas in Russia it was the hereditary oppressor who looted the subject, which was logical and natural, in the United States the people fleeced one another, which was beyond understanding. The average individual American, too, whom I had expected to find a fiery preacher of the Word, a high-strung prophet worthy of the splendid mission of his heroic ancestor, was somewhat of a disappointment. He was kindly and likable and a pleasant companion, but in matters of the spirit he was exasperatingly phlegmatic. Far from being heroic, he was a slave to comfort and the wherewithal of comfort. His ideal of America

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was a paradise for the low-brow and the Philistine.

The state of economic affairs in America was to me a rude awakening. I was not of the class of alien, if the class exists, who imagines every one in America to be rich, but I certainly had not expected to find such extremes of destitution as I constantly met. Least of all did I look for industrial injustice in the United States. In my enthusiasm for democracy I had unconsciously fallen into the habit of thinking of it as a thoroughgoing business. Political freedom and the right to vote were all very well; but they were only the shell of the thing, the mere means to an end. The substance of democracy was clearly something more solid, something that pervaded the whole of life from the basic human need of earning bread to the crowning human need of wasting it on pink teas to the accompaniment of small talk in a decorative drawing-room. But during my early struggles in the slums I repeatedly stumbled on scenes of the most degrading misery. I saw underfed children with tears in their eyes, the cold numbing their ragged little bodies, selling newspapers on the streets. Many a time I came upon a huddled woman, with a babe at her breast, guarding a stack of household goods that had been tossed out of her tenement dwelling, while the passing throng of sympathetic poor unobtrusively deposited coins in the bowl that surmounted the pile. In the meantime the sons of the American revolutionists, the sons of those sturdy fathers who had fought their own mother-country that the world might see a better day, were investing their surplus income in high-power motor-cars and the services of lackeys; and the daughters of the American revolutionists were carrying forward the tradition of democracy by developing a taste for Bulgarian costume and East Indian occultism. In the East and in the West the country was in the throes of industrial civil war, and my philanthropic native friends kept assuring me that the lower classes were better paid in this land than anywhere else in the world, not realizing that the worker justly expects more of America than he does of less fortunate and less democratic countries.

I say "justly," and I suppose I am betraying my sympathies. Well, it is natural for me to lean toward the cause of the proletariat. I do not know what Americanism is if it is not a prejudice in favor of the under dog. Have you not observed this tendency in the foreign-born American? Has it ever struck you that your agitators and your radicals and your trouble-makers are, for the most part, intelligent "foreigners"? If you have noticed it, have you asked yourself why? I will tell you why. At least I can give you two broad hints. First, it is because the immigrant is, as I have, I hope, made clear to you, a revolutionist. He at least is a thoroughgoing democrat. He wants American life to be as free as its promise. Rightly or wrongly, he looks upon himself as the spiritual descendant of the founders of the republic, and in his point of view he is carrying forward the great American tradition of liberty, justice, and equality from the realm of politics to the domain of economy. For this reason you cannot consistently quarrel with him. He is taking you at your word. He is naïve enough to believe in your revolutionary protestations; and while you may declare him a simpleton and a nuisance, you cannot, I think, save your face and be severe with him as a criminal. And, secondly, the immigrant American is almost invariably of the under-dog class himself. He it is who digs your subways and mines your coal and carts your garbage and builds your roads and your railways. He does the better part of your physical dirty work. Wherefore, no matter where fortune may land him, no matter to what class he may ultimately belong, spiritually he will remain of the hand-to-mouth order with whom he started.

As I went on living in America I began to seek explanations for these discrepancies in the theory and the practice of American life. I told myself that it was absurd to expect a man to go dancing about rapturously for a century or more over the

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liberty his father had won for him. Sooner or later the hero will be obliged to hang up his musket and his trumpet and settle down to the daily routine of caring for his family. Freedom of thought, self-government, and the open door of opportunity were new to me; therefore I was excited about them; but to the native they were as natural as the air he breathed, and he took them calmly for granted. I made allowances even for the corruption and the chaos in the conduct of the state, although that came hard. Much harder still was the justification of the savage economic scramble. But I persuaded myself to look at these things broadly. They were, I said, the price we must be ready to pay for freedom. If, as an old proverb has it, you are going to let the bars down, you must expect the wolf as well as the sheep to enter. Supposing that equality of opportunity does tend to become a mere opportunism, supposing that liberty does degenerate into unchecked spoliation, it is still better than autocracy or paternalism. It is the essence of liberalism that it rests on the golden rule, and it is one of its glorious weaknesses that it is susceptible to abuse. American democracy, I kept assuring myself, is yet only dimly aware of itself. There is no cause for despair. Time and the living soul of America will set things right.

For the spirit of America was as vital as ever. The *esprit de corps* of a people is something distinct from the sum of all its individual wills. You must add the factor of tradition, a certain intangible quantity that hovers in the air, to balance the equation. I took stock of America's policy in her dealings with foreign peoples, and told myself exultantly that here, without a doubt, was a definite break with the Machiavellian tactics of Old-World diplomacy. Here, surely, was imagination as well as humanity in international conduct. Conceive, if you can, of any European chancellery giving as much as a tolerant ear to the just demands of an outraged state of the insignificance of Colombia. I never tire of contrasting our own behavior with China in the Boxer indemnity case, in the four-power loan incident, and in a multitude of lesser relations, with that of the great powers toward that nation. Our godlike patience with an obstreperous, distraught neighbor like Mexico, our determination in the face of intolerable provocation and temptation to be fair and just and magnanimous toward the weak, is humane to the point of quixotism. No wonder the trained diplomats of other continents laugh at us, and our own fire-eaters gnash their teeth. And it is not hard to imagine the merriment of those world politicians at our philanthropic adventure in the Philippines. "Schoolmastering," I can hear them say, "is not building an empire." But America is happily not intent on "expansion."

Internally the spirit of America exhibits itself quite as strikingly. I read and reread the President's recent address to the Senate, and my mind can scarcely credit my eyes. No European in a high government position would ever dream of making any such "wild, visionary" assertions. They would not enter his head. His entire training and antecedents and outlook would make the thing impossible. Even an unofficial person would think twice before making himself liable to be sent to Siberia or at least to Coventry. It is the sort of thing that the initiated scoff at and label idealistic, amateurish, revolutionary. But that is one of the distinctive peculiarities of America, that her officials are often revolutionists. The people who in Russia and Rumania, and even in Germany and France, would be the ragged, suspected, underground "enemies of society" are in America at the rudder of affairs. A fantastic dreamer with silly notions about the treatment of criminals is here made the warden of the principal prison in the foremost State of the Union. A quiet, literary gentleman, a sociologist of the millennium, is the commissioner of immigration at the chief port of entry to the United States. A radical publicist, an enemy of exploitation of poor by rich, becomes a judge in the highest court in the land. A rabid preaching reformer, whose ideas of gov-

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ernment would land him in a Russian jail, is elected to the mayoralty of a great city. And to cap the climax of the whole incredible business, the chief executive of the Union is a university doctrinaire, a philosophical student of statecraft, a theorist with a passion for showing up the accepted stupidities of the traditional notions of internal and international government for the musty shams they are.

Now, these are expressions—all too rare, alas!—of that spirit of American humanity for which I have renounced the heritage of my fathers and accepted exile among you here. To this I am loyal with all the strength not of unreasoning love, but of conviction. For this I am ready to shed my blood and to do battle against my own brothers, just as your ancestors fought against their mother-country. It is my religion, my faith in a higher destiny for the race of man; and woe to him who dares attack it in the vain hope of transplanting to this new soil the seed of European discord and disaster! I may be mistaken in my faith; perhaps the splendid hope of democracy by which I lay such great store is only a foolish dream. All the same, it is the only bond of union between you and me. It is the basic principle upon which the great international society of America is built, and as long as it retains its semblance of reality, you have my whole-hearted support. As soon as you can convince me that that principle is menaced, you need have no doubts of my loyalty. But when you come to me with your weariness of democracy, your craving for a parvenu nationality on the old model, your demagogue-inspired desire for vast armies for the defense of institutions that no one has the time or the ability to threaten; in short, when you conduct yourself like a burgher, who, having amassed a fortune in trade, seeks admittance among the aristocracy, pray remember that you are not promoting the unification of America, but are severing the one vital tie that has held America together for generations. I am a literal-minded person; therefore I am totally out of sympathy with your latest notions of Americanism. To me Americanism can mean only one thing—devotion to the ideal of liberty, equality, and human brotherhood, the distinctive contributions of America to civilization. To you it is altogether another matter. Your Americanism, as I understand it, is a decided departure from the unique heritage of America. It is a return to the old, familiar tradition of national honor and national interest and my country first, the tradition that I have rebelled against, and that the younger blood of Europe is fighting desperately to get rid of. It is nothing more distinctive than the ancient, worn-out cloak of Germanism and Little Englandism and Slavism that you are attempting to drag over the broad, youthful shoulders of international America.

Can you, then, expect me to stand up and cheer for this queer brand of Americanism? I am weary of the old nationalism, I abhor the old patriotism and its inseparable concomitant, the headless military monster. It is to escape them that I have fled to America. What shall the convert do who has embraced a new faith only to discover that it has sunk back to the formalism and the idolatry of the orthodoxy he has abandoned? There is only one course open to him, I think—to rejoin the ancient fold, with its mellowed beauty and its rich associations. If I must go back to the hideous nightmare of the Old World, then I may as well go back, at least in thought, to the land that gave me birth and to my own people.

I am not threatening; I am merely prophesying and interpreting.

I HAVE tried very earnestly, in writing this paper, to avoid, as far as the subject-matter permitted, any association between my utterances and the present international crisis. I have felt all along that my theme was a general one, that an interpretation of the immigrant's attitude toward America, his hopes and his dreams and his fears for the democracy he cherishes, has something more than a passing interest for Americans, if it has any interest at all. My thesis from the beginning

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to the end has been briefly this: that the immigrant, by the very nature of his case, is a thoroughgoing liberal. His mere coming to America, when one considers the sacrifices it costs him, is excellent proof of his belief in popular government and the freedom of opportunity. He, of all the elements of American population, is fresh from the bitter contact with the tyranny of the Old World; therefore America to him is still, in the most real sense, a young republic, and he cannot help sharing with Jefferson and Franklin a deep solicitude for its existence and its perpetuation; he cannot help harboring, with the Fathers of the Revolution, a constant fear against the dangers that beset its beloved institutions from without and from within.

But, owing to the seriousness of the times, it is gravely to be doubted whether the reader's mind can be kept off the immediate concern. Since this article was written and sent to press America has definitely committed herself to war, and the great question that patriotism will ask itself as it contemplates these lines is, What is your attitude now in the concrete case? To this I can only answer that the immigrant will feel and act as all the liberals of America, the native included, will feel and act. He will say: "God knows I have not willed this calamity. It has been forced upon us from within and from without. I am a democrat and a believer in representative government; therefore it is my duty to accept war when Congress has declared it. Now more than ever democracy is exposed to untold perils, and I must serve her cause in whatever way I can, with a gun, if necessary. Above all, I must keep a watchful eye on the internal dangers that war invariably brings in its wake. It is in war-time that reaction, taking advantage of the popular anxiety, rears its horrid head, and under the plea of military necessity tramples upon all the hard-won achievements of centuries of progress. It is in war-time that freedom of opinion and freedom of utterance and public sanity and human brotherhood are constantly threatened. As a liberal my primary patriotic duty is to do everything in my power to keep democracy and liberalism alive among my own people."

How Can America Help?

By SYDNEY BROOKS

Author of "The Irish Question," etc.

NO Englishman—and least of all one who, like myself, has known the United States and studied it for over twenty years, and had done what he could to interpret it to his own countrymen—can possibly sit down to write of America's entrance into the war without an initial expression of his deep thankfulness. The dearest political wish of his heart is realized in the mere fact of a working co-operation between the English-speaking democracies. When British and American soldiers are fighting side by side in the Army of Liberty, a new and most memorable chapter will have opened in Anglo-American relations. And Anglo-American relations, in my judgment, concern more than Great Britain and the United States. They are destined to be the pivotal point of all international politics for as long a future as my reasonable mind cares to measure. They are either the key to unlock the door to universal peace or that door will never be unlocked at all.

When the war is over it will be found to have left two capitals peculiarly supreme in world affairs, London and Washington. On their vision and statesmanship and on the degree of genuine understanding and sympathy which the war develops between the British and American peoples will depend the fate of mankind through some of the most critical decades in all history. For in entering the war the

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